

Farm and Garden

CAREFUL FRUIT GROWING.

The French Obtain Better Results Than the Americans.

"In this country," says a French visitor, "you just put things in the ground and let them grow more or less haphazard, as far as I can see. You have a soil so fertile that I suppose you can



PEACH TREE TRAINED ON WALL.

Expense with much that is necessary in our country. But, all the same, I think the fruit might be benefited if you did some of the things that every French grower does. France is the country of detail, you know, and we think it pays in fruit growing just as it does in cooking.

"The fruits we pet and pamper most are the peach and the grape. The majority of peaches grown in this country would seem to a Frenchman to be distinctly of the second order—that is, in the language of his fruit culture, a peach 'de plein vent,' or one grown on trees in an orchard. Between peaches grown thus, 'open to the wind,' and those trained on trellises against walls the French make a sharp distinction. The trellis, or 'espallier,' peaches are the only ones that appear on a carefully regulated table and are universally cultivated. They always command a much higher price than the free peach, and at Montreuil the fruit has been brought to such perfection that they habitually sell for from 40 to 50 cents apiece.

"Even more elaborate is the procedure with fine table grapes. Hothouse grapes are not highly in favor among French epicures, for they are held to lack the rich flavor of the fruit grown in the open. At the same time grapes are so much in demand as a table delicacy that it is desirable that their season should be prolonged as far as possible into the winter. The difficulty of this situation has been met by a system which, complicated as it is, is quite generally in use.

"The grapes are grown on trellises exposed to the sun and six or seven yards apart, like the peaches. When the clusters are ripe they are put with the stem and leaves in a sort of glass box or bottle, which is placed in a



DWARF PEACH TREE.

dark room. If the producer is growing for the market the bunches are looked at every day, for the slightest speck of imperfection will keep him from disposing of his stock to the best houses.

"The same care in lesser degree runs through all the French grower does. In certain places, but only in a few, the apricot is treated with all the care shown to the peach. It is less profitable to grow, for it does not keep well except by an expensive process of coating it with wax. The trees, however, are kept very carefully pruned, and the production of each is limited.

"Growers can at once retard fruit and dwarf trees to such an extent that it is possible to purchase during the winter fruit actually growing on little trees small enough to be served, pot and all, on the table. Peaches thus grown (one on a tree only) cost about \$20 a piece, other things in proportion, and the fruit is sold usually not to French people, but to visitors with more money than discretion, who think it smart to imitate what they consider the luxury of our gay capital.

"All this care of detail may seem absurd to you who have a country so large and so lavishly productive as America. Still, I think it is an open question whether even here, where 'time is money' so much more than it is in Europe, the expenditure of care and thought on some neglected details might not lead to the financial profit of some growers."

HIS PASSPORT NO GOOD.

Italy Holds That "Once an Italian Always an Italian."

When on my first visit to Italy after an absence of twenty-five years, furnished though I was with a passport from Washington with the great red seal of state and with my naturalization papers, I was amazed when I was arrested and put in a den of a prison reeking with filth and vermin because I had paid no attention to the Italian laws regarding the matter of military obligation. I was under the impression, as I am sure many Americans are, that when once I had sworn off my allegiance to the king of Italy and had become an American citizen I would be recognized as such and not be required to fulfill the obligations of an Italian citizen.

The experience was not amusing, and yet as I look back upon it there was a ridiculous side to it. When with great dignity and pride I pulled from my pocket my passport I expected to see the little Italian official gasp for breath and humbly beg my pardon. Imagine my feelings when, glancing at the American eagle on my papers and the signature of the secretary of state, I at the same time exclaiming, "Sono cittadino Americano" ("I am an American citizen"), he turned his back upon me and said most indifferently, "Fai niente; fa niente" ("That's nothing; that's nothing"). I was led away by two carabinieri and turned into a large room, where I found seven prisoners who were to be my companions for that day and night. The next day I was taken before the prefect of the province, and then it was learned that I was not obliged to serve the regular three years in the Italian army, not because I was an American citizen—that was not recognized—but because I was the only male in my family. The Italian theory is "once an Italian always an Italian." The government does not recognize the change of allegiance on the part of any of its subjects.—Antonio Mangano in "Charities and the Commons."

PAIN AND PLEASURE.

The Sensations That Come When a Person is Hanged.

This is the way Rev. J. T. Mann in Spare Moments describes the way it feels to be hanged:

At Fort Barrancas, Fla., on April 4, 1868, I was hanged as a Confederate spy. I spent four minutes physically and spiritually between earth and heaven. Then a Yankee sergeant, believing me to be the wrong man, cut me down.

My first sensation when the barrel was kicked from under my feet was that a steam boiler inside me was about to explode. Every vein and blood vessel to and from my heart seemed charged with an oppressive fullness that must find an avenue of escape. The nervous system throughout its length was tingling with a painful, pricking sensation the like of which I never felt before or since. Then followed the sense of an explosion, as if a volcano had erupted. This seemed to give me relief, and the pain gave way to a pleasurable feeling, one very desirable could it be secured without death. With this sensation a light broke in upon my sight, a light of milky whiteness, yet, strange to say, so transparent that it was easier to pierce with the eye than the light of day. Then came into my mouth a taste of sweetness the like of which I have never since known. And I felt myself moving on, with a consciousness of leaving everything behind. Then I heard the sweetest music, and it seemed that more than a thousand harps led in each part, accompanied by myriads of voices.

And the sensation of coming back to life after I had been cut down was just as painful as the first feeling of hanging. It was acute torture. Every nerve seemed to have a pain of its own. My nose and fingers were seats of the most excruciating agony. In half an hour the pain was all gone, but I would not go through the experience again for the wealth of the Indies.

Russian Marriages.

The celebration of a Russian marriage sometimes extends over three days. At the wedding festivities the bride is expected to dance with the men one after another until she drops with sheer fatigue. It is a matter of pride with her to keep going as long as possible, and it is not unusual to find a bride dancing gayly after three days and nights of vigorous frolic. When a girl is dancing with a man she always holds his pipe. It would be regarded as extremely rude if a man should continue to smoke his pipe in such circumstances.—London Tit-Bits.

Not So Bad.

Mr. Subbs (after engaging cook)—There's one other thing I suppose you should know, Miss Flannigan—my wife is a chronic invalid, confined to her room.

Miss Flannigan—That's fine! I was afraid she might be wan in thin chronic kickers that are confined to the kitchen, begobs!—Puck.

She Hit Back.

"I told teacher, pop, that you said she taught you when you was a little boy."

"What did she say?"

"That stupidity must run in the family."—Baltimore American.

And Some Hard Words.

"When a woman packs a trunk she puts her soul into the task."

"And when a man packs a trunk he puts his feet into it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ill founded enmities are ever the most obstinate.—Retz.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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51 N. Main St. Winchester, Ky.

TRAIN SCHEDULE.

Passenger trains leave Winchester as follows:

C. & O. EAST BOUND.
No. 26, Daily Ex. Sunday... 8:42 a. m.
No. 22, Daily... 11:57 a. m.
No. 28, Daily Ex. Sunday... 6:30 p. m.
No. 24, Daily... 9:25 p. m.

C. & O. WEST BOUND.
No. 27, Daily Ex. Sunday... 6:32 a. m.
No. 21, Daily... 8:03 a. m.
No. 25, Daily Ex. Sunday... 2:50 p. m.
No. 23, Daily... 4:38 p. m.

L. & N. SOUTH BOUND.
No. 29, Daily Ex. Sunday... 8:55 a. m.
No. 33, Daily... 11:59 a. m.
No. 9, Daily Ex. Sunday... 6:27 p. m.
No. 31, Daily... 11:09 p. m.

L. & N. NORTH BOUND.
No. 34, Daily... 4:48 a. m.
No. 10, Daily Ex. Sunday... 7:13 a. m.
No. 32, Daily... 2:50 p. m.
No. 28, Daily Ex. Sunday... 4:38 p. m.

L. & E. EAST BOUND.
No. 2, Daily Ex. Sunday... 3:05 p. m.
No. 4, Daily... 5:18 a. m.

L. & E. WEST BOUND.
No. 1, Daily Ex. Sunday... 9:12 a. m.
No. 3, Daily... 5:20 p. m.

LEXINGTON & EASTERN RY CO

Time Card, in Effect June 21, 1908.

Stations	East Bound		No. 2		No. 4	
	Daily	Daily	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Ar. Lexington	2:25	7:35				
Winchester	3:05	8:13				
L. & E. Junction	3:20	8:26				
Clay City	3:50	9:02				
Stanton	3:58	9:10				
Campton Junction	4:30	9:38				
Natural Bridge	4:35	9:43				
Torrent	4:47	9:56				
Beattyville June.	5:10	10:17				
Athol	5:37	10:45				
O. & K. Junction	6:05	11:15				
Ar. Jackson	6:10	11:20				

Westbound	No. 1		No. 3		No. 5	
	Daily	Daily	Sun.	Sun.	Sun.	Sun.
Ar. Jackson	6:10	2:20	7:00			
O. & K. June.	6:15	2:25	7:05			
Athol	6:40	2:52	7:30			
Beattyville June	7:07	3:20	7:54			
Torrent	7:30	3:41	8:15			
Natural Bridge	7:45	3:55	8:26			
Campton June.	7:48	3:57	8:28			
Stanton	8:15	4:26	8:54			
Clay City	8:25	4:35	9:02			
L. & E. June.	9:00	5:07	9:34			
Winchester	9:12	5:20	9:46			
Ar. Lexington	9:55	6:05	10:25			

Stations	No. 1		No. 3		No. 5	
	Daily	Daily	Sun.	Sun.	Sun.	Sun.
Ar. Jackson	6:10	2:20	7:00			
O. & K. June.	6:15	2:25	7:05			
Athol	6:40	2:52	7:30			
Beattyville June	7:07	3:20	7:54			
Torrent	7:30	3:41	8:15			
Natural Bridge	7:45	3:55	8:26			
Campton June.	7:48	3:57	8:28			
Stanton	8:15	4:26	8:54			
Clay City	8:25	4:35	9:02			
L. & E. June.	9:00	5:07	9:34			
Winchester	9:12	5:20	9:46			
Ar. Lexington	9:55	6:05	10:25			

THE FOLLOWING CONNECTIONS ARE MADE DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

L. & E. Junction—Trains Nos. 1, and 3, will make connection with the C. & O. Ry. for Mt. Sterling.

Campton Junction—Trains Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, will connect with the Mountain Central Ry. for passengers to and from Campton, Ky.

Beattyville Junction—Trains Nos. 2 and 4 will connection with the L. & A. Railway for Beattyville, Ky.

O. & K. Junction—Trains Nos. 3 and 4 will connect with the O. & K. Railway for Cannel City, Ky., and way stations.

W. A. McDOWELL, Gen'l Mgr.

CHAS. SCOTT, G. P. A. 17tf.

Silk Hat Economy.
We may regard London as the home of the silk hat, and we feel sure that here the free ironing of customers' hats has had a very pernicious effect on the trade. The average silk hat wearer will buy only one of these hats in a year.—Outfitter.

Dangerous City "Playgrounds."
New York city streets make dangerous playgrounds, but they are the only ones that thousands of little people have. Not a day passes without injury to children by vehicles, and about nine are killed each month.

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